

O, the Diuell take such coozeners, God forgie me,  
Good vnkle tell your tale, I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,  
We will stay your leisure.

Hot. I haue done yfayth.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottissh Prisoners,  
Deliuier them vp without their ranfome straight,

And make the *Dowglas* sonne your onely meane  
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reasons

Which I shall send you written, bee assur'd,  
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.

Your sonne in *Scotland* being thus employed  
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe

Of that same noble Prelate, wel-belou'd,  
The Archbishop.

Hot. Of *Yorke*, is it not?

Wor. True, who beares hard

His brothers death at *Brisfow* the Lord *Scrope*?

I speake not this in estimation,

As what I thinke might bee, but what I know

Is ruminated, plotted and set downe,

And onely staies but to behold the face

Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it: vpon my life it will doe well.

Nor. Before the game's afoore, thou still let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plov,

And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *Yorke*,

To ioyne with *Mortimer*, ha.

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In fayth it is exceedingly well aimed,

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids vs speed,

To save our heads, by raising of a head:

For, beare our selues as euen as wee can,

The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,

And thinke wee thinke our selues vsatisfied,

Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.

And see already, how he doth begin

To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot.

Hot. Hee does, hee does; wee le bee reueng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further goe in this,

Then I by Letters shall direct your course

When time is ripe, which will bee suddenly:

He scale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,

Where you and *Dowglas*, and our powers at once,

As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,

To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,

Which now wee hold at much vncertainty.

Nor. Farewell, good brother, we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Vnkle, adue: O let the houres bee short,  
Till Fields, & Blowes, and Groues, applaud our sport. *Exeunt.*

*Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.*

1. Car. Heigh ho, an it be not foure by the day, He be hangd,  
*Charles-maine* is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our horse not  
packt. What *Ostler*?

Ost. Anon, anon.

1. Car. I prethee *Tome*, beat Cuts Saddle, put a few Flocks in  
the point, poore lade is wrung in the Withers out of all cello.

*Enter another Carrier.*

2. Car. Pease and Beanes are as danke heere as a dog, and that  
is the next way to gine poore lades the Bots: this house is tur-  
ned vpside downe since *Robin Ostler* died.

1. Car. Poore fellow neuer ioyed since the price of Oates  
rose, it was the death of him.

2. Car. I thinke this to bee the most villanous house in all  
*London* road for Fleas, I am stung like a Tench.

1. Car. Like a Tench? by the Masse there is ne're a King  
christen could be better bit, then I haue bin since the first cock.

2. Car. Why, you will allow vs ne're a Iordaine, and then we  
leake in your Chimney, and your Chamber-lie hreedes Fleas  
like a Loach.

1. Car. What *Ostler*, come away, and be hangd, come away.

2. Car. I haue a Gammon of Bacon, and two rasts of Ginger,  
to be deliuered as farre as *Charing-crosse*.

1. Car. Gods body, the Turkies in my panier are quite star-  
ned: what *Ostler*? a plague on thee, hast thou neuer an eye in  
thy head? canst not heare, and 'twere not as good a deed as

C 2

drinke.